

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tit. Kild her for whome my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.

King. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede.

Titus. Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter

Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,

Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she her selfe hath bred.

Tis true, tis true, witnes my knives sharpe point,

He stabs the Emperesse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.

Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattered corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let Rome her selfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie king domes curse too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnessles of true experience,
Connot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When

of Titus Andronicus

When with his solemne tongue
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attention
The story of that balefull burn
When subtil Greekes surpriz
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewit
Or who hath brought the fatal
That giues our Troy, our Rome
My hart is not compact of flint
Nor can I vtter all our bitter gr
But floods of teares will drown
And breake my very vttrance e
When it should move you to act
Lending your kind commiserat
Heere is a Captaine let him tel
Your harts will throb and weep

Lucius. Then noble auditory
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdered our Em
And they it were that rauished
For their fell faults our brothers
Our Fathers teares despisd and
Of that true hand that fought R
And sent her enemies vnto the g
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banish
The gates shut on me and turnd
To beg reliefe among Romes en
Who drowned their enmity in my
And opt their armes to imbrace
and I am the turned forth be it kn
That haue preferd her welfare in
And from her bosom tooke the e
Sheathing the sleeke in my aduen
Alas you know I am no vaunter
My scars can witnes, dumb altho

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